

pearing in the distance. Several peaks, among which are Pikes peak, and Spanish peaks are plainly visible. From Timpas Pikes Peak is 150 miles and the Spanish Peaks 75 miles. Pikes Peak is over 14,000 ft. high, covered with snow, and glistens in the sunlight. At first it was impossible for us to believe that these peaks were so far away, we had no idea we could see so far. Then again they look as though you could easily reach them in five or six hours, but if you will get a R. R. map note the location of Timpas, and then note the location of the peaks, you will see I have been correctly informed. After passing alkali beds so white, that a short distance away they cannot be distinguished from snow, we make our first entrance into the mountains, through which we pass for a distance of perhaps fifty miles. They abound in deep cuts, beautiful valleys, and quaint mountain towns. Of the last named Trindad is the most important, and beautiful, its situation at the foot of peaks, whose sides are covered with pines, and whose bases are lined with dwellings, make it very attractive. We leave the mountains at Raton, New Mexico by way of a tunnel, but enter them again at Las Vegas: they are more interesting than before. One peak which we notice is of an oblong shape and has regular depressions at the ends, from a certain position they look like huge flights of stairs. The top of another appears like a huge fort or castle. The tops are covered with snow and the bases and sides with wilderness of stunted pines; they are certainly very impressive. The R. R. track is very crooked and in looking ahead we see it describing courses much like the letter S. Throughout almost the entire mountain course we pass innumerable mud or adobe houses inhabited mostly by Mexicans and made of sundried brick. The town of San Miguel the third station beyond Las Vegas, is made up almost exclusively of houses of this class, and forms quite an attraction. I can only see two frame houses in town. At many of the towns the Indians pass through the cars to sell their wares, and some times to beg. I was greatly amused at the sight of a squaw eating a begged banana, peeling and all, she was evi-

dently not used to that kind of food. We also encounter Mexicans and Negroes and some Chinamen, the races appear to be badly mixed. In the vicinity of Winslow, Arizona, is a vast level plain, and famous simoon or sand-storm region. In some places sand is piled up like snow, it flies through the air in clouds, enters the cars at the ventilators and covers us with a heavy coat, also enters our lunch baskets. It is very annoying, a very peculiar feature of this plain is its huge masses or vast piles of rock, which look as though they had been piled there and arranged with care. They loom up quite frequently; immediately beyond is the famous

"CANYON DIABLO, OR DESELS CANYON"

It is a wild looking place. The deepest ditch I have ever seen. It is not surrounded by mountains, but bordered by a vast plain, and like a huge crack in the earth cannot be seen until you are right there. If you are not watching you will pass over and not see it. It is said to be about 227 ft. deep. A few miles beyond is a second canyon similar to the first, though not so deep, both empty into the Colorado river. Our next point of interest is the

FLAG STAFF MOUNTAIN REGION, including the towns of Flagstaff, and Williams. These towns situated many thousand feet above the sea level, and in the midst of large pine forests, are doing an immense lumber business. Flagstaff has eight mills, all large ones, and in active operation, two of the mountains of this region, San Francisco and Williams, are of special interest, with their peaks towering above the clouds, and their bases and minor hills covered with snow and pines they form a picture of great grandeur, you can get only a faint idea of it by description. After passing down a beautiful pine valley, up a deep cut, and finally through a tunnel with darkness so intense that "I cannot see my eyes what are right before mine head" we emerge into the celebrated

JOHNSON'S CANYON,

For indescribable grandeur it has perhaps no equal on the Santa Fe route passing partly at the top and partly at the bottom of the canyon, along a niche hewn in its sides, the

track makes a long continuous course to the left. The scene is a grand and impressive one. We thought of an old lyceum question "Resolved that nature is more beautiful than art?" We said Amen to the proposition. God's creative works are more beautiful than any work of art that we have ever seen. Extending our heads from the car windows and looking ahead we see the engine and train describing a semi-circle, below is a wild looking gorge of great depth and above immense boulders seeming to overhang the train. Another attraction of the canyon is a large hole or pit in the rock immediately below the track. Although surroundings of great depth have frequently been made no bottom has yet been found. It is a "Bottomless pit." The R. R. track with its grades or bridges, over affluents up or down the canyon can be seen for a long distance. It is a scene that beggars description, and to the mind having a conception for divine things, worship is drawn away from men the things of the world and nature and centered upon the God that made nature: drawn away from creature worship and led to accept Creator worship. "We preach unto you" says Paul, "that ye should turn from these vanities unto * * * God, which made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and all that are therein". Beyond the canyon I notice another track running exactly parallel to ours. I thought at first that there must be a switch there but found that it was the same track running back. The train runs in three entirely different directions in a distance of only ten miles. As to the cause of this the conductor told us a story. He said, that at first the track was laid straight, but that before completion the region was visited by a heavy rain-storm, after which the sun shone with such intense heat as to warp it in its present condition. This story may not be true but that is the way it was told to me. Another point of interest is

THE NEEDLES,

a town at the crossing of the Colorado river and so called from three needle shaped mountains in close proximity. The Colorado is large here and spanned by a bridge about 1000 ft. in length, however on account of sickness caused by an awakening from a sound sleep I